

Literary.

The Gambler's Talisman.

"Some years ago, as you are probably aware," said the jeweler, "there was a man who belonged to the sporting fraternity of Chicago named Smith Crawley. He was a professional gambler and had the name of being a very successful one. He always wore in his shirt-bosom a large stud with an opal setting—the finest gem of the kind that I had ever seen, and one that I was so anxious to possess that I offered him a high price for it. He would not part with it on any consideration. He claimed that he owed all his success at the gambling-table to that opal; that it was an unfailing talisman, which indicated by its color and brightness that luck was in store for him. He invariably consulted it when sitting down to a game of cards. If his luck was bad, the gem was a dull red color; but if success awaited him, it sparkled with various bright tints. I don't want you to think I took Crawley's word for this. My interest in this particular opal was so great that on several occasions I accompanied him to his resorts, at his own solicitation, to test the truth of his assertion. I found that what he had told me was absolutely true; that the amulet actually underwent a change as his luck changed. If it was merely a coincidence, the unvarying repetition was something wonderful. "One night I went with him to a well-known gambling house on Clark street. The game had no fascination for me, for I never played; but Crawley was a pleasant fellow to pass a leisure hour with, and, besides, I had quite given up the hope of inducing him to part with his favorite stud. The talisman indicated to him a favorable condition of things, and Crawley took a hand in a game of poker with the proprietor of the house and several other men. I stood near his chair and watched the game. The stakes were unlimited and the bets ran high. Fortune favored Crawley from the first, as we knew it would. I glanced tranquilly at the opal; it seemed to shine with increased brilliancy each moment until it glowed and sparkled and scintillated with a variety of radiating lights that were beautiful in the extreme. I had never seen anything like it; its effect on me was something like the charm of a serpent as I remember, and I found it difficult to remove my eyes from it for a moment. I was the only person in the room except the owner himself who knew anything about the alleged potency of this gem. Crawley never revealed the secret to any of his fellow gamblers, as that would have warned them against playing with him. He won constantly, was in a talkative humor, and his opponents were silent, with that white intense look of calm excitement (I don't know what else to call it) which I have often noticed in the faces of gamblers when engaged in an absorbing game. Suddenly there came a sharp, snapping sound that was heard all over the room. Crawley dropped his cards and sprang to his feet, as pale as death. What had happened? The opal had burst—had gone to pieces like a miniature bombshell—and out of its gold setting rolled on the floor in a dozen fragments! Crawley, after recovering from the first shock, which seemed almost to stun him, gathered up his gains and left the saloon without a word."

"Where is he now?"
"Dead. I saw him but once after the collapse of the opal, but luck had left him. He was drawn into a bar-room quarrel in Deadville and died 'in his boots,' for his pluck didn't desert him when his luck did."

DEATH OF JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.—Junius Brutus Booth died peacefully at Manchester-by-the-Sea, N. H., on the 17th inst. Mr. Booth was the eldest son of the famous actor whose name he bore, and a brother of Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth. He was born in Charleston in 1821, the year of his father's first appearance in this country. His own first appearance on the stage was in 1851, in Pittsburgh, where he played "Tressel" in Richard III. He played in New York in the same year at the Bowery Theatre, and then visited California and remained there till 1854. In November of that year he appeared with his brothers in "Julius Caesar" at the Winter Garden theatre in New York for the benefit of the Shakspeare monument fund. In 1867 he became manager of the Boston Theatre, and in 1877 he retired from active dramatic work. He was thrice married, and his third wife, who survives him, was Miss Maria Agnes Rooks of Sydney, Australia.

BLOOD FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.—The value for agricultural purposes of the blood of the 43,000,000 animals yearly slaughtered in France is estimated by a French writer to be 21,000,000 francs. Various methods have been proposed for treating the blood so as to prevent nuisance.

Proposed Opening of Shakspeare's Grave.

The vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon has signified his willingness to allow the remains of Shakspeare to be exhumed. The object is to compare the skull of the poet with the busts and portraits of him.

Shakspeare has been dead more than two hundred and sixty-seven years, and there is not the remotest probability that the skull or any other portion of his body survives for the inspection of the reverend gentleman's curious friends. The grave-digger in "Hamlet," replying to the question of the melancholy prince, "How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?" says: "Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year. His hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body." The grave-digger, though he pronounced the skull of "Yorrick," which had "lain you in the earth three and twenty years," would have laughed at the idea that anybody's skull could last two hundred and sixty-seven years. However, so far as Shakspeare's mortal part is concerned, we have pretty good evidence on this point. In the "Sketch Book"—originally published in 1820—Washington Irving, describing his visit to Stratford, says:

"A few years since, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch through which one might have reached into his (Shakspeare's) grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains so awfully guarded by malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch on the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare."

If, say in 1812 or in 1815, there was nothing but dust in Shakspeare's grave, is the skull likely to be there in 1883? But aside from these considerations, there are others which should bar the proposed exhumation. If a skull should be found there would be many who would insist that it never belonged to Shakspeare. If it corresponded with this or that portrait or bust the opponent of the bust or portrait would dispute its authenticity. Moreover, the poet himself—who seems to have foreseen the designs of the vicar of Stratford—said a few vigorous words on the subject which are cut deep in the stone that covers his tomb. We give them as they are written:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Best be ye man yt spares the stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

If this emphatic order from headquarters is not sufficient, then the authorities of Stratford, or, if necessary, the English government, should interfere to prevent a desecration as outrageous it must be useless.

AN ANCIENT CHURCH.—The Iglesia del San Francisco is thus described by a correspondent: It is of Moorish architecture, and surrounded by an adobe wall almost as high as the church itself. It dates back to about 1506. Its roof was still of hay and Spanish dagger leaves as late as 1753, and a roof was substituted of Sabine beams, topped by heavy arches of solid adobe, which seems capable of defying the storms of many centuries more. Its great wooden door is worm-eaten and rickety. Grass cactus have sprung and faded through a century of seasons upon the roof, and among the arches a young tree is growing thriftily in the drifted dust of 250 years. Its old tower, reached by an outside stairway whose stones have been worn hollow by many feet, contains a chime of bell.

TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Whither are we drifting? The highlight has gone out; our great friend has left us. It is true that he led us by the side of still waters until we could do no more for him. Senator Bruce may handle the treasury notes of this country. Although he is a negro, he will be apt to handle them at least as honest as the North Carolina bonds were handled by this latter-day saint. Now to you! Let us in the future vote and act as independent men. I say this for the benefit of my own race. I have never cast but two Democratic votes—one for Gen. Cox and the other for Z. B. Vance, both of whom have proved themselves to be true friends to our race.—*Watchman, in News and Observer.*

A THRIVING CITY.—The city of Devil's Lake, Dakota, is not yet 100 days old, but already choice lots are sold at \$2,000 each. It has seven large hotels and two banks.

An Alligator Woven in Feathers.

Hundreds of of people within the past four days have visited the house of Mrs. John Smith, on McLean avenue, attracted by stories of witchcraft in connection with the death of a number of her children. Mrs. Smith, a woman of fair intelligence, was seen to-day, and tells the following remarkable story, which is vouched for by her neighbors.

"I have been married for nineteen years, and in that time have become the mother of twenty children. Of the twenty only three are now living, the births and deaths having averaged one a year. The last death occurred a few weeks ago, the child being an infant. A week or so ago a neighbor, Mr. Caffrey, who had been sick for some time, found a curious formation of flowers, roses and crosses in the pillow of his bed, made of feathers. After finding them he became better. I came home and looked through my pillows and featherbeds. My husband had been ailing for some time, and in his pillow I found an alligator woven out of feathers. It was about fifteen inches long and two inches wide, and the feathers were so tightly woven that I could hardly pull them out. I did not know what to make of it, and asked some of the neighbors. They said it was the work of a witch. I kept the curious piece of feather work for a day or two, until I became annoyed by the hundreds of people who came to see it. Some wanted to buy it. I burned the alligator with all my bedding yesterday."

Strange to say, there are scores of superstitious fools in the neighborhood who are greatly excited over the marvelous story, and are consulting witch doctors on the subject, of whom no less than three thrive in Pittsburgh.—*Pittsburgh Paper.*

Does the World Miss Any One?

An exchange gives the following truthful and beautiful answer to the above question: Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large space in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of man in a few months, or, at the furthest, in a few years after the grave is covered over the remains. We are shedding tears above a new made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable; yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports and we no longer miss the one who is gone. So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men whose memories no woman's smile can chase away; recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drive away as profane those who entice them from the worship of their buried love. Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from the public gaze. The world sweeps on beside and around them and cares not to look upon obtruding grief. It carries a line and rears a stone over the dead, and hastens away to offer homage to the living.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.—And now comes the Tarboro Southerner and add its subscription of one hundred dollars to the fund for the soldiers' home. Who next, gentlemen? The fund is growing; the proposition is taking shape. Let us hear from you next. Don't wait until the last. Spending a hundred dollars this way will give you more real pleasure and gratification than will spring from any investment you can make. It is a debt we owe to the poor, crippled and maimed soldiers. It is true that we are late in paying it, but better late than never. Come, let's have your name. The old soldiers will bless you. And what soldiers North Carolina did have! Where are their equals to be found? On what page of history are recorded more true heroism, more bravery, dash and self-sacrifice?—*News-Obs.*

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER LIONIZED.—Mrs. Gen. Jackson and her daughter, Miss Julia, are still in Boston, the guests of the State of Massachusetts. They are not allowed to spend a cent of money for anything and are always escorted about by some distinguished attendants. Carriages and street cars are always at their disposal free, and they are always given private boxes in the theatres. The greatest attention is being shown them wherever they go and Boston is lionizing them. Truly the era of reconciliation has begun and the war has been forgotten.—*Journal-Observer.*

THE WIRE FENCE IN TEXAS.—The wire-fence war will engage an extra session of the Texas Legislature. Some of the pastures are fenced without a break for forty miles or more, and the only choice left to travellers is either to drive two days' journey out of their way or cut the fences.

Correspondence.

Louisville and Boston.

FAYETTEVILLE, Sep. 21, 1883.
MR. EDITOR:—The Sun, I am sure, will be greeted with the best wishes of the people of this community. May its rays ever tend to germinate the seeds of morality, and may it give additional strength to Democracy, not even, like Joshua's sun at Askelon, standing still in the hour of victory.

As many of our readers are interested in and some intend to visit, one or other of the great expositions now in progress at Louisville and Boston, perhaps a short account of both, even poorly narrated, might prove of interest, and having recently visited both, I will endeavor to give you an outline of the trip, with a brief comparison of the two exhibitions.

We went first to Louisville via Asheville, through a most beautiful section of mountain country, attaining its maximum elevation at Round Knob, and extending far into Tennessee. From the Warm Springs we traveled for many miles along the French Broad river. From the car windows on the left one beholds the towering, majestic mountains, and on the right the broad stream and foaming rapids of the river, with overhanging rocks on which grow just enough of shrubbery to enhance the beauty of the scene.

After penetrating Tennessee for a good distance, the mountains gradually become hills, and these in turn give place to an undulating country cultivated principally in corn, with an apparent yield of from 40 to 60 bushels per acre. Much of the land is devoted to grazing, and everywhere are to be seen fine stock and unmistakable signs of prosperity. The whole presents a panorama not only to delight the eye of the lover of nature, but to arouse the enthusiasm of the farmer. Indeed, it is difficult to say which one most enjoys—the journey to Louisville or the Exposition.

The city of Louisville has a population of 200,000. Its people, as a class, seem prosperous, and are notably fine specimens of humanity. The women are Junonian but graceful in figure, and possess a beauty of feature and freshness of complexion surpassed by those of no city—not even Baltimore. The men are large, well-dressed, courteous and free of all affectation.

Fine horses and elegant equipages abound; the streets are broad and generally very handsome. The principal residences are on Broadway and 4th Avenue, and are generally removed somewhat from the street, with trimly-mown lawns and beautiful flowers. Cove Hill Cemetery is very beautiful, and well repays one who visits it.

The Exposition is very successful and has been largely attended. The buildings and grounds are in a park in the suburbs of the city, at the end of 4th Avenue. The buildings are large, tasteful and admirably adapted to the purpose for which they were erected. The display is all that could be expected, and I was especially pleased with the exhibit in Machinery Hall, where may be found almost any kind of improved machinery known to the ingenuity of the nineteenth century—the motive power being four engines, the largest of which has a belt 5½ feet wide. The art building is also very attractive, and contains much that is beautiful in paintings and statuary, though the exhibition in this department fell rather below my expectations. But the display of fruits was calculated to sorely tempt one's honesty.

The New York Seventh Regt. Band have been employed by the managers at an expense of \$45,000, and daily regale large crowds of people with soul-stirring music, and especially enjoyable are the cornet solos of Signor Libberatti.

In the Main building there is a \$10,000 organ, which under the manipulations of skilful musicians, daily sends forth its melodious peals, often blended with the voices of Louisville's best singers.

The Exposition is a success; the country is "God's own land." After spending several days in Louisville we travelled via Lexington Ky. and Staunton Va. to Washington and then to N. Y., whence after a sojourn of several days we went by rail to Boston. The scenery along our entire route was diversified and pretty. Boston is a peculiar city and rather suggests what we read of some European cities.

Its streets are narrow and crooked, suggesting that its buildings might have been erected along the paths that the cows had made. This supposition is borne out by the first part of its name, the word *bos* being the Latin for ox.

The buildings there are handsome and much attention is paid to the different orders of architecture.

The people are the regular Yankees, yet forced by the narrowness of their streets to go slower and be more dignified than their brothers of New York and Philadelphia.

The women as a class are hard featured and have a masculine appearance. The city recalls much history to the mind of the visitor.

I passed by an old cemetery on Tremont St. where lie buried the parents of Dr. Franklin and many of

the first Governors of Mass. From Bunker Hill monument, if you possess the requisite strength to climb by winding stairs to the top, 196 steps, you get the best idea of the city and its surroundings. On one hand you see Cambridge and Harvard college, on the other Boston Harbor with its ships coming in from the ocean, or Boston Commons and near it the gilded dome of the Capitol.

The Exposition (or Fair as they call it) is divided into two distinct departments, the Foreign and American. The buildings are about one half mile apart and you pay a separate entrance fee. In the Foreign Department the art display is quite attractive, and there are many curiosities, relics and rich fabrics, from China, Japan, Greece, Turkey, Italy, Germany, England, and South America.

Very sweet string music is furnished by a band of Spanish Students and a Hungarian Gypsyband.

In the American Department the State of North Carolina and Tennessee are, I believe, the only States represented as such, and excepting these the display is nothing more than might be expected from an ordinary State Fair.

It is by no means my purpose to attempt to deter one who may wish to make the trip to Boston from doing so. The journey, with the large cities on the route, the beautiful scenery and the Fall River steamers, which are simply floating palaces well repay one for the money expended.

H. R.

General Intelligence.

PROLIFIC FLOCKS.—For two prizes offered in Kentucky, there were ninety competitors from 17 States. The first prize, \$50, was awarded to J. R. Kemper, of Augusta county, Va., for a flock of 189 ewes producing 245 lambs; and the second \$25 to J. H. Maddox, of Shelbyville, Ky., for one hundred ewes producing 134 lambs.

BURNING MINE.—Traveling from Bismarck to the Little Missouri, I saw a burning mine. "It gives off so sulphurous an odor that I at first thought the heat due to the decomposition of sulphide. But the glow is red; little sulphurous acid is formed; you can stand over the crevices without fear of either burning or suffocation. Sulphur is volatilized and crystallized on the edges of the crevices. There is no smoke; the air quivers with the heat. The burning area is from ten to fifteen rods square, and has been on fire since the first visit by white men, and no one knows how many centuries before. It is only one of a number of fires that are known on the Bad Lands." The writer goes on to say that the Bad Lands are probably the ashes of extinct coal fires.

THEATRE OF THE PALAIS CARDINAL.—The Municipal Council of Paris has just had a marble slab affixed to the front of the house 202 Rue St. Honore, with an inscription which informs the passers by that the theatre of the Palais-Cardinal erected by the Le Van in 1641 stood on the spot; that it was occupied by Moliere's company from 1661 to 1673, and by the Royal Academy of Music from 1673 to 1781. M. Auguste Vitu, a distinguished art critic, thinks that the inscription might advantageously be amended in some of its details. In the first place, he says, the theatre of the Palais-Cardinal did not stand on the spot occupied by 202 Rue St. Honore, but on a totally different site, to the right of the Palais-Cardinal. In the second place, it was not built by Le Van, but by Le Mercier. In the third place, Moliere never acted in it; and, lastly, the theatre built on the site of 202 was only occupied by the Academy of Music from 1770 to 1781. With these exceptions, the inscription is perfectly correct.

TOUGHENED GLASS.—The following is Prof. Leibisch's description of toughened glass: He immerses the article, while red-hot, in a hot bath, taking it out again when it has nearly lost its redness, and allowing it to cool very slowly in an oven that is heated nearly to the temperature of the glass. As the bath does not require to be much above 212 degrees F., solutions of the carbo-hydrates in water are used—starch, gum, or the like. This bath does not soil the surface of the glass, as is the case with fats, oils, and bituminous substances. Glass objects subjected to this operation are found to resist pressure and shock just as well as those hardened in oil, but possess this additional advantage also, that they can be cut with a diamond or polished and cut with sandstones. The original method of producing hardened glass, of which this is an improvement, consists in immersing the article, while it is still red-hot, in a bath of oil heated as high as three hundred and ninety-two degrees F., and allowing it to remain there until it has cooled down to that temperature.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—The German War Office keeps trained pigeons in efficiency by continual exercise. Lately a special exercise was held from Cologne to Hanover. The pigeons started at 6 a. m. The first made the journey in 3 hours and 35 minutes, an average rate of flight of 1,243 metres a minute; the second, 3 hours 48 minutes, average, 1,143 metres; the third, 3 hours 50 minutes; the fourth, 4 hours exactly; the fifth, 4 hours 1 minute; the sixth, 4 hours 19 minutes; and the seventh, in 4 hours and 25 minutes, an hour longer than the first. The average rate of this last pigeon was 950 metres; the average of the whole lot was 4 hours 2 minutes.

Poetry.

Making Love in the Choir.

She sat on the steps of the organ loft,
Just after the second hymn;
And through nave and choir to the cool,
gray spire
The sound rose faint and dim.
As they settled themselves in the
church below
For the sermon that followed next,
And I seated myself at the alto's side,
As the parson took his text.

I marked the tender flush of her cheek
And the gleam of her golden hair,
The snowy kerchief round her neck,
And her throat all white and clear,
A throat so white that indeed it might
An anchorite entice;
And I faintly heard the parson's word
As he preached of paradise.

My arm stole gently around her waist,
Until our fingers met;
And a fitting blush made the tender
flush
Of her cheek grow deeper yet,
Snowy and fair the hand beneath
And brown the palm above,
And the brown closed softly over the
white
As the parson spoke of love.

Ah, who is wise, when deep blue eyes
Meet his and look coyly down?
Who would drink or cure to think
Of envy's jealous frown?
'Twas but to bend till I felt her breath
Grow warm on my cheek, and then
My lips just softly touched her own
As the parson said Amen.

The Household.

BAKED CUSTARDS.—One quart of milk, four eggs, five tablespoonsful of sugar beaten with the eggs, nutmeg and two teaspoons of flavoring extract; seal the milk and pour upon the other ingredients; stir together well; flavor and pour into stone china cups; set these in a pan of hot water; grate nutmeg upon each and bake until firm.

AMBROSIA.—Have ready a grated cocoanut and some oranges peeled and sliced; put a large layer of oranges in your dish and strew sugar over it; then a layer of cocoanut, then orange and sprinkle sugar; and so on, until the dish is full, having cocoanut for the last layer. It should be prepared an hour or so before wanted for use. Pineapple can be substituted for the orange.

CORN LOAF.—Four eggs, whites and yolks, beating as light as possible, separately; one quart of corn meal, quarter of a pound of butter, two quarts of boiling milk; a teaspoonful of salt mixed well with corn meal. Melt the butter in the milk and seal the corn meal with it, beating and stirring well until it becomes perfectly smooth; then add the light yolks, and lastly the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a quick oven. Half the quantity will make a good-sized loaf.

BUBBLE PUDDING.—One quart of fresh milk, five eggs, three tablespoonsful of corn starch, one tablespoonful of sugar, nutmeg to taste, pinch of soda in the milk. Scald the milk, stir in the corn starch, cook one minute, and pour upon the beaten eggs and sugar. Season, whip up well, pour into a round-bottomed mold well buttered, fit on the top, set in a pot of boiling water, boil three quarters of an hour, turn out upon a dish and eat with sauce.

COLD MEATS.—Take the remnants of any fresh roasted meat and cut a thin slice. Lay them in a dish with a little plain macaroni and season thoroughly with pepper, salt and a little walnut catsup. Fill a deep dish half full; add a very little finely chopped onion, having previously saturated the meat with stock or gravy. Cover with a thick crust of mashed potato, and bake till this is brown, a not too hot oven, but neither left too slow.

HARD SOAP OR SOFT.—Take good soft soap, any quantity you choose, bring it to a boiling heat, then add salt gradually, stirring constantly till you observe it separate, something like curds and whey; and then let it cool, and you can cut it into bars and take out, leaving the whey in the kettle. To purify it further put the soap again into the kettle, and for every five pounds of soap one-fourth pound of rosin; make it boil, and again add salt as before. When cold cut into bars and lay it up to dry.

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